

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR FINDS LIFE'S ODD WAYS INCOMPREHENSIBLE

The World Is So Full of Such Wonderful Things That I'm Sure We Should All Be as Happy as Kings.

Four weeks have passed since that September night when I sat, pen in hand, for hours, and hours, to write the strange new happenings of my life.

The rain kept dripping on the roof that night, and my sad thoughts were but poor company. A mother's death, the loss of home and friends in England, with the strangeness of a lodging house in this new country, proved a burden very hard to bear.

October now is come, and life has runed up to a brighter key. I still am a stenographer, but now more reconciled to all its routine—though this position only lasts another week.

Tonight I feel a strange elation and a curious new sense of happiness to come—I wonder why? I will not, must not, look too deep within my heart!

Last night I spent a very pleasant evening with most kindly friends. The little epnator who had been a member of the "Western Planet" order gave a party in my honor in her house.

"My dear," said she, "I want to introduce you to the right sort of people, and you certainly will meet such at our home." My brother has the nicest sort of friends—he is a lawyer, and a real stickler for etiquette. We have these small informal receptions once a week.

THE LITTLE GRAY GOWN

To grace the evening I unearthed right from the bottom of my shabby trunk a simple little gown of gray. It is three months now since my mother died, and last night was the first occasion on which I wore anything but the deepest black.

To me the thought that lies behind the garment one, if we believe that relatives and friends have "passed across" into a happier world than this, where tears are dried on every cheek and every heartache washed away, why mourn in deepest black because their pain is gone? Are they not happier far than we? I know that in another world my mother's kindly eyes are watching me.

So I put on the little gown of Quaker gray cut in the English style, with one white rose half hidden in the snowy folds of the wide collar that I wore draped at the shoulders of the newest fashion, but my hair is curly and refused to stay up in that stiffened way. It broke into the oddest little waves and twists, and Quaker gray, the old demure way must just suit my hair. And so I parted my curly locks right down the center, with the curls caught up behind in the neck with a hair ribbon of the knot. I know I looked old-fashioned, but no other style quite seems to suit me.

"Why, Miss Adair, my dear," my little hostess cried, "I am so very glad to see you come right up! Your little English gown is just the prettiest thing I ever saw. You must just make yourself at home among us all."

Most of the girls were very pretty, and most fashionably dressed. The whole affair was in evening clothes, and the whole atmosphere was so different from the kind of thing I had seen in my own country. I felt as if I were in a new world, and I was so glad to see you certainly. We are so glad to see you here, she said, and introduced me to the other guests.

NEW HAPPENINGS

A girl got up to sing, and in the middle of her song there was a stirring by the curtains at the door. I wondered what faint noise movement caused a sudden illumination. One of the girls said, "I felt that some one there was watching me—and I looked up."

I cannot explain what came to me with that girl's look, but I felt as if I were being stared at. I looked up in answer to another look. A pair of other girls, dark-haired, were watching me half-cynically from the doorway. I must have been mistaken, for I looked at a certain strange, magnetic power, and I thought I had a glimpse of an alluring fire in those eyes.

It seemed to me that through the fingers among those handsome eyes had come a gleam of intelligence and the intelligence of things. Then when the song ended the spell broke. I noticed then for the first time that their voices were a tall and strikingly handsome man, with a strong, clean-cut profile and a rather languid air. His eyes and nostrils greeted me enthusiastically. He had a very fine and courtly manner when he took the spinster's hand in his.

"I must apologize for this most late intrusion," said the man, "but I heard him say—and then he smiled. I saw a little smile could transform a face. He had most beautiful features, and a certain air of breeding and distinction, too. It almost seemed as if I had known him for a hundred years. Yet now he did not look at me.



MRS. WILLIAM I. HULL, OF SWARTHMORE Chairman of the Suffrage Committee in the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women. The question of suffrage comes up for indorsement or rejection at the Pittsburgh meeting next week.

There are many little ways by which the hands can be taken care of, although daily domestic duties are carried through. Begin the night before, and wash the hands thoroughly with warm water and good toilet soap.

When one is tempted to write a clever but harsh thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it in the inkstand—Smiles.

Lives of bankrupts all remind us, we can sell our goods on time, and departing, leave behind us creditors in every direction.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star—we know exactly what you are. In olden times your rhyme might be, but since we've learned a thing or two.

It is quite a common thing for a limb, arm or leg, which has been broken several weeks before, to occasionally ache. They often ache when there is a sudden change of weather.

"It's better to have loved a lot than never to have loved at all!"

A little widow is a dangerous thing.

THE RAJA'S PICKLE Three quarts vinegar, one-quarter pound of mustard, one-half ounce of black pepper, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of allspice, one ounce of cayenne, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of turmeric, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar.

TO DRY PLUMS You will find this a very useful recipe, if you happen to have a large supply of this fruit. Gather the plums when they are not too ripe, and prick them in several places with a darning needle. For every pound of fruit allow half a pound of sugar, and melt this in a little water, skimming it frequently. Now add the plums, boil for half an hour. Lift them out, and hold the sugar for 20 minutes, or until it "candies," which you can tell by taking a small quantity in a spoon, and letting it drop into this thread. It is ready when it comes out in a solid mass, and when nicely candied, put into boxes.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

ONCE upon a time, a little green leaf lived up on a tree—a young up near the tip, tip, tip.

Of course, he was just a baby leaf; but he was so sturdy and strong that he didn't care a baby leaf very long.

One day in the fall the south wind ruffled up to the tree at twilight.

"Oh, listen," he panted, "I've got the most wonderful news!"

"Really? Do tell us!" shouted the whole tree full of leaves all at once.

"Yes, I've seen an aeroplane," said the wind. "It's right over there in that field, and it's going to fly tomorrow!"

"To fly?" "How can it?" "Where is it?" shouted different leaves all at the same time.

"Yes, it will fly," answered the wind. "It's right over there in the field and I heard the men talking about it as I came by."

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CORRESPONDENCE

In answer to the article on the "Significance of the Woman's Page," published in the Evening Ledger, the following letters have been received:

Madam—In the letters to the Evening Ledger, I have looked and looked for a letter that would suit my case—but, as yet, I have found none. So I am writing to ask some of the readers to try to help me solve a problem. I might go so far as to call it "the problem of my life."

I am practically engaged to two men at the same time. "A" is 12 years my senior. He is what you might term a "heart breaker" among the opposite sex—very wealthy, a wonderful disposition, generous nature and considered handsome.

Now, of course, he has seen the world—not through rose-colored glasses—but has helped sow some of the wild oats in the field of life. But for years he has been what you might term "almost too good to live."

"B" is not wealthy by any means. He has a bigger heart than head, but he thinks that I am just perfect. He asks my opinion on everything, and acts just as I say. He has had no education to speak of, has spent his money foolishly and, naturally, got into debt.

Philadelphia, October 3, 1914.

Madam—I read your article this evening on "Early Engagements" and thought, perhaps, you might be able to help me in quite a serious matter.

I have been going about steadily with a young man for about a year, and, although we are not engaged, he claims the privilege to kiss me goodnight. Should I allow him to do this? E. E. R. Philadelphia, October 3, 1914.

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND

Mrs. Smith had a colored maid who had been with her for some time. The girl left her and got married. A few months later she came to see Mrs. Smith.

"Well, Mandy," asked the former mistress, "how are you getting along?"

"Oh, fine, ma'am, thank you," the maid answered.

"Is your husband a good provider?"

"Yes, 'deed he am, ma'am," said Mandy, enthusiastically. "Got 'em 'dis las' week, ma'am, he got me six new pieces to wash at."

AN UNHAPPY ANSWER

The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his chair.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around and I will reciprocate the favor."

EVERY CLOUD

"What," said a bachelor to a benedict, "married only a year and already so miserable?"

"Ah, but," groaned the benedict, "I never imagined that a wife would prove so expensive."

WHAT THE CHILDREN LIKE

Try some toffee apples for the children. Get some small apples, and stick a little piece of thin wood in each for a stick.

Some children do not like macaroni as a sweet pudding, although they will enjoy it if served with jam and plenty of milk.

When the aeroplane had disappeared in the distance, the leaf on the tip-top branch said: "I want to do that! I want to be an aeroplane; to get away from this old tree and sail through the air like a bird!"

"Better stay where you are and be thankful," advised the old tree, but the leaf paid no attention. He feasted and fumed and twisted and turned till he wrenched himself loose from the old mother tree!

"Good-by," he called as he sailed away. "I'm sorry you can't fly through the air, too!" Across the street, and across the yards, hither and thither he sailed—and he felt very grand and happy.

For he didn't know, as you and I do, that ere long he'd be brown and dead and burned up in a big hot fire! Copyright, 1914, by Clara Ingram Johnson.



TWEED SKIRT AND TUB SILK BLOUSE SMARTLY TAILORED

RECIPES FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

PICKLED SHALOTS

This should be done as soon as possible after the shalots are harvested (dried), as they are then peeled more easily.

RED CABBAGE PICKLE

For this purpose, you must select the very best kind of cabbage—it is quite an error to suppose that any bruised or defective vegetable will do for pickling.

HOME HINTS

Soaking the steak in vinegar and salad oil in equal proportions is said to make it tender, but a joint of beef is best hung for three or four days, when the weather permits.

Heat will extract the grease stain from the rug. Cover it with blotting paper and press with rather hot irons.

To clean your black marble clock, mix together equal parts of pearl ash and soft soap, apply it rather thickly with a piece of soft flannel. Leave it for an hour, then wash it off, first with warm water and then with cold water.

Your work will not be complete until you have made sure that doors and windows are in a fit condition to keep out the weather, and oil every lock and hinge before the damp days rust them still further.

A chimney on fire is not to be desired, and such a calamity is easily avoided by having all the chimneys cleaned before regular fires are required.

Milk is quite sufficient for slightly stiffening lace or fine muslin. Starch is seldom used for the purpose.

French beans are put into boiling water to cook them, and the water should continue boiling until they are tender. A little salt is added to the water.

To clean a new and rusty boiler, first rub grease freely all over the surface, then put in an armful of shavings, and set light to them.

The yolk of a fresh egg, beaten in a few spoonfuls of milk, is an excellent substitute for cream, and is very nutritious, but you must be very careful to remove every atom of the white of an egg, and it is as well to pour the tea very slowly into the cup, containing the "milk cream," so as to avoid any risk of its curdling.

Mme. Luis Corea Takes Up Law WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Mme. Luis Corea, American wife of the former Nicaraguan Minister to the United States, has taken up a course in law at the George Washington University.

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TAILOR-MADE GIRL COMING BACK TO FASHION'S REALM

Frocks of Fluff and Frill Make Way for Plain Shirt and Practically Cut Skirt.

The tailor-made girl is walking in her own sure-footed way, back into the arena of fashion. Frocks all fluff and frill alienated the feminine heart for a time, and the plain shirt and the severely cut skirt were alighted unless golf or tennis or the out-of-doors gave them a brief hour's favor.

The tailored blouse appears this season in a variety of materials, silks and linen and even sheer batiste. The yoke is its familiar spirit once more, not the pointed yoke popular in the past, but a yoke cut straight at the back and prolonging the shoulder line in front.

The tub silk are quite smart again, with the striped silk a greater favorite than the plain white or solid color. They stay fresh so much longer than linen or lawn, and they launder so easily and well that they are far more practical than the shirt that is made of any other material.

The blouse sketched today is of striped wash silk, with a flaring collar and turn-back cuffs of linen, stiffly starched. The narrow string tie, popular once more, ties below the V of the blouse, which is only just deep enough for the free movement of the throat and not the elongated V of the summer blouse.

There is a deep yoke to the skirt with a stimulating fold in front, along which three buttons are ranged for ornamental and not for utilitarian purposes. The skirt buttons in the back, sensually. The pocket, placed rather low on the skirt beneath the yoke, is useful and gives the masculine touch necessary to the success of all tailored garments.

The trim tailored look is very attractive under all circumstances, but office conditions make it sensible and suitable. The vogue changes too quickly in the elaborately cut or trimmed frocks to make them a wise investment for practical wear; that is, for wearing for a season, day in and day out.

But the simple shirt and the severely cut skirt look as well on their last day as on their first, and in the very end of the chapter of their wearing.

HOW TO VIEW PHOTOGRAPHS

One Eye Should Be Used, As Is Case With Camera.

Photographs should be looked at with only one eye, to appear best, states F. W. Marlow in an article on "How to Look at a Photograph" in Photo-Graphic.

"Most photographs, particularly small ones of landscapes, street scenes and interiors, fail to produce their full effect, or to be estimated at their true value, because they are not looked at in the most effective way," the author says.

"Let it be remembered that when a point is looked at with both eyes open, the impression of flatness is greatly diminished. If at the same time, the eyes are placed at the right distance, every detail is seen under its natural size or proportion, and the picture unfolds itself, the different objects receding to their proper relative distances, making details very obvious which may be unnoticed if looked at in the ordinary way."

As a sort of corollary to the above, use one eye alone to decide whether a landscape or other scene is worth taking. If with one eye the scene looks flat, it will not make a satisfactory photograph.

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The Lake I want to tell to you The strange thing I have seen: Sometimes the lake is blue And sometimes it is green.

And if the sun goes down Before I go to bed, The lake will be all brown, Or, maybe, pink or red.

I'm never here at night; I'm such a little fellow; They say the moon shines bright And makes the water yellow.

—Malcolm Sanders Johnson.